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SOLDIER LACK
ZAM-BUK**

Scores of men at the front
have written home to friends
and relatives asking for Zam-
Buk. They need it to apply to
chapped hands, cold cracks, frost
bites, chilblains, cold sores, chil-
blains, and other similar ailments
incidental to trench life. These
ailments, although not serious
enough to unfit a man for duty,
cause him endless pain, and the
soldier who is supplied with Zam-
Buk will be saved much unneces-
sary suffering. Nothing stops pain
like Zam-Buk; nothing draws out
the soreness and heals so quickly.

For hands, sore and blistered after
trench-digging, Zam-Buk is so-
lendid, and applications of Zam-Buk
to the feet before long marches
will prevent the feet from becom-
ing sore and blistered. The letters
below illustrate the soldier's need
and appreciation of Zam-Buk.

Private J. R. Smith of the "Prin-
cess Pals" writes: "Tell my friends,
if they want to help me, to send
Zam-Buk."

Sapper G. T. Webster, 2nd Field
Co., Canadian Engineers, writes:
"You can have no idea how much
we appreciate Zam-Buk out here.
It is splendid for sores, cuts, bruises,
sprains, etc."

Shoebing-Smith McIlwraith, of
the 2nd Argyle and Sutherland
Highlanders, writes from France:
"I have used Zam-Buk for 14 years
in the British Army in South Africa,
India and France, and have never
found its equal. There is no fear
of blood-poisoning from cuts or
scratches if Zam-Buk is applied.
The trouble is that Zam-Buk is too
scarce out here—our friends should
send us more of it."

This applies to you, so be
sure to include a few boxes of
Zam-Buk in your next parcel
to the front! All druggists 50c.
box, 3 for \$1.25, or direct from
Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

It is difficult to say which is the
greater optimist, the man who takes a
drink the moment his headache has
A man never knows how much he
values an umbrella or a woman until
he sees some other man calmly walk-
ing off with one or the other.

A genius is a man who can do al-
most anything but make a living and
keep up his reputation for being a gen-
ius.

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suitable for hall stoves. Thos. Fulton,
618 Brunswick street, telephone 305-32.

FOR SALE—First class cooking range,
also bath tub; both in good condition.
Will sell cheap. The above can be seen
at 127 George street, between 6 and 7
p.m. 1-15 61

FOR SALE—My property on Brun-
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ctory. The latter has steam power and
is equipped with modern machinery.
Great opportunity for an enterprising
young man to start business. Reason
for selling, advancing years. Apply
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WANTED—Second class female teacher
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Want to buy standing timber. Give
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FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS.

NOTICE is hereby given that a
branch of the Provincial Returned Sol-
diers' Aid Committee has been organ-
ized for the Counties of York, Sum-
mery and Queens, and the City of Fred-
ericton, as a district, with Dr. T. C.
Allen Chairman and Judge Wilson Sec-
retary.

All employers of labor in said dis-
trict willing to give preference to re-
turned disabled soldiers as employees
and all returned discharged soldiers
seeking employment residing therein
are requested to notify the secretary
JUDGE WILSON,
C. C. ALLEN,
Chairman, Secretary

BLACK IS WHITE

CHAPTER XVII—Brood shoots at
Yvonne and wounds Frederic. Yvonne
commands the situation. Brood thinks
she is his dead wife, and Ranjab says he
sees the dead in her eyes.

CHAPTER XIX—Ranjab takes the
blame for the accidental shooting and
tells Brood that Yvonne, in whom he saw
two women, the dead wife and the living
one, will save Frederic's life.

CHAPTER XX—Yvonne tells Brood
that she is the sister of his dead wife and
married him to be revenged on him,
knowing that her sister was innocent and
that Frederic was Brood's son. She in-
tended to induce Frederic to go away with
her and telling him the truth, leave Brood
to believe that they had eloped together.

CHAPTER XXI—Yvonne shows Brood
proof of his dead wife's innocence and
confesses her revenge a bitter failure. She
has learned to love Brood.

CHAPTER XXII—Brood goes to see his
wounded son.

CHAPTER XXIII—Frederic, recovering
and he and L. the plan to go abroad with
Brood. The young couple elude an un-
successfully to his sister, Brood to his
wife, whom he plans to leave alone in the
home.

CHAPTER XXIV—On leaving, Brood or-
ders his wife to remain at home until he
returns. She consents. Six months later,
a wireless comes from him, calling her
to him, but she tells Briggs and Dawes
"I will not go to him." "He will
come to me." "Send him a cable
saying . . . I cannot come to him."

"It gives me great pleasure, Yvonne,
to relieve you of that damned, rotten,
worthless thing you call your life."

As he raised his arm, Frederic
sprang forward with a shout of horror.
Scarcely realizing what he did, he
hurled Yvonne violently to one side.

It was all over in the twinkling of
an eye. There was a flash, the crash
of an explosion, a puff of smoke and
the smell of burnt powder.

Frederic stood perfectly still for an
instant, facing the soft cloud that rose
from the pistol barrel, an expression
of vague amazement in his face. Then
his hand went uncertainly to his
breast.

Already James Brood had seen the
red blotch that spread with incredible
swiftness—blood red against the
snowy white of the broad shirt bosom.
Glaring with wide-open eyes at the
horrid spot, he stood there with the
pistol still levelled in a petrified hand.

"Good God, father, you've—why,
you've—" struggled from Frederic's
writhing lips, and then his knees
sagged; an instant later they gave way
with a rush and he dropped heavily to
the floor.

There was not a sound in the room.
Suddenly Brood made a movement
quick and spasmodic. At the same in-



"Sahib! Sahib!" He hissed.

stant Ranjab flung himself forward
and grasped his master's arm. He
had turned the revolver upon himself!
The muzzle was almost at his temple
when the Hindu seized his hand in a
grip of iron.

"Sahib! Sahib!" he hissed. "What
would you do?" Wrenching the weapon
from the stiff, unresisting fingers, he
hurled it across the room.

"My God!" groaned Brood. His tall
body swerved forward, but his legs re-
fused to carry him. The Hindu caught
him as he was sinking limply to his
knees. With a tremendous effort of
the will, Brood succeeded in conquer-
ing the black unconsciousness that
was assailing him. He straightened
up to his full height, and with trem-
bling fingers pointed to the prostrate
figure on the floor. "The pistol, Ran-
jab! Where is it? Give it me! Man,
man, can I live after that? I have
killed my son—my own son! Quick,
man!"

"Sahib!" cried the Hindu, wringing
his hands. "I cannot! I cannot!"

"I command you! The pistol!"

Without a word the Hindu, fatalist,
slave, pagan that he was, turned to do
his master's bidding. It was not for
him to say nay, it was not for him to
oppose the will of the master, but to
obey.

All this time, Yvonne was crouching
against the table, her horrified gaze
upon the great red blotch that grew to
terrible proportions as she watched.
She had not moved, she had not
breathed, she had not taken her hands
from her ears where she had placed
them at the sound of the explosion.

"Blood! It is blood!" she moaned,
and for the first time since the shot
was fired her husband glanced at the
one for whom the bullet was intended.

An expression of incredulity leaped

into his face, as if he could not believe
his senses. She was alive and unharmed!
His bullet had not touched her. His
brain fumbled for the explanation of
this miracle.

"Blood!" she wailed again, a long,
shuddering word that came not from
her lips but from the very depths of
her terror-stricken soul.

Slowly Brood's mind worked out of
the maze. His shot had gone straight,
but Frederic himself had leaped into
its path to save this miserable crea-
ture who would have damned his
soul if life had been spared to him.

Ranjab crawled to his side, his eyes
covered with one arm, the other ex-
tended. Blindly the master felt for the
pistol, not once removing his eyes
from the pallid figure against the table.
His fingers closed upon the weapon.
Then the Hindu looked up, warned by
the strange voice that spoke to him
from the midst of his master. He saw
the arm slowly extend itself with a
sinister hand directed straight at the
unconscious figure of the woman. This
time Brood was making sure of his
aim—so sure that the lithe Hindu
had time to spring to his feet and
grasp once more the hand that held
the weapon.

"Master! Master!" he cried out.

Brood turned to look at his man in
sheer bewilderment. What could all
this mean? What was the matter with
the man?

"Down, Ranjab!" he commanded in
a low, cautious tone, as he would have
used in speaking to a dog when the
game was run to earth.

"There is but one bullet left, sahib,"
cried the man.

"Only one is required," said the mas-
ter hastily.

"You have killed your son. This is
let for yourself."

"Yes! Yes! But—but she—she
lives! She—"

The Hindu struck his own breast
significantly. "Thy faithful servant re-
mains, sahib. Die, if thou wilt, but
leave her to Ranjab. There is but one
bullet left. It is for you. You must
not be here to witness the death Ran-
jab, thy servant, shall inflict upon her.
Shoot thyself now, if so be it, but
spare thyself the sight of—" He did
not finish the sentence, but his strong,
bony fingers went through the motion
that told a more horrible story than
words could have expressed. There
was no mistaking his meaning. He
had elected himself her executioner.

A ghastly look of comprehension
flitted across Brood's face. For a se-
cond his mind slipped from one dread
to another more appalling. He knew
this man of his. He remembered the
story of another killing in the hills of
India. His gaze went from the brown
fanatic's face to the white, tender,
lovely throat of the woman—and a
hoarse gasp broke from his lips.

"No! No! Not that!" he cried, and
as the words rang out, Yvonne re-
moved her horrified gaze from the blot
of red and fixed it upon the face of her
husband. She straightened up slowly
and her arms fell limply to her sides.
"It was meant for me. Shoot,
James!" she said, almost in a whis-
per.

The Hindu's grasp tightened at the
convulsive movement of his master's
hand. His fingers were like steel
bands.

"Shoot!" she repeated, raising her
voice. "Save yourself, for if he is
dead I shall kill you with my own
hands. This is your chance—shoot!"

Brood's fingers relaxed their grip
on the revolver. A fierce, wild hope
took all the strength out of his body—
he grew faint with it.

(To be continued.)

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THE VICTROLA AND THE COMMUNITY—NO. 1

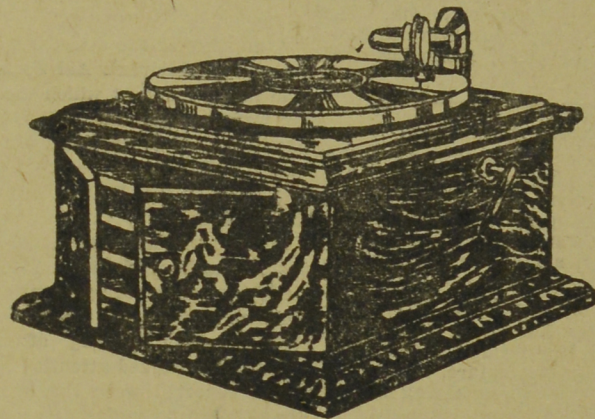


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